

Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

LIKE WRECKERS.

I remember a word of President Finney in one of his discourses in Boston a few years ago, addressed to "like-warm" professors. It was, in effect, this: You lead the souls of men astray; you are like the wreckers on the Florida reef, who kindle false lights to lure vessels to destruction. A ship is coming in under nightfall. The night is dark and stormy. The sea runs high. The ship labors. The tempest howls through the rigging. The great waves smite her. The master paces the quarter deck anxious and watchful. Oh, if he could see the harbor light to guide him in the safe channel! He halts the "look-out" in the maintop. "Hullo, aloft!" "Ay, ay, sir." "Do you see the light?" "No light." And again keen eyes peer through the darkness. The vessel rushes blindly on her course. Ah! it is that coming of a breaker? "Hullo, aloft! do you see the light?" "No-o-o!" The storm increases. The vessel groans and strains in every timber. The sea rages. And now the shout comes down, "On deck, there! I see the light." "Where away?" "Two points off the lee bow." "Steady, quartermaster; keep her full!" And on she plows her way cheered by the guiding light. Ah! what is this? She is in the midst of breakers! And now she strikes on the reef, and the masts "go by the board"—and the wreckers come tumbling in over her bulwarks, and their knives are red, and their hands filled with plunder. Their false light has lured her to the ship. So a treacherous Christian says to the souls of his fellow-men, "Follow me! I am going into port—I will guide you safely," and following, they come upon the rocks of perdition—and he is a murderer of souls.—Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.

JESUS A COMPANION.

A believer should make his Saviour a perpetual companion, everywhere, and at every moment. Christ offers to walk with us. He says: "Lo! I am with you always." What companionship so sweet as his? What so bracing, so instructive, so purifying? Who else can make "our hearts burn within us" by the way.

Christ's presence with believers is one of the best disarms from sin; one of the best protectors under temptation; one of the best stimulants to duty. Jesus is "made unto us sanctification." His spirit is a spirit of holiness. And when we live in daily communion with him, we cannot but grow holier ourselves.

The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a constant check upon our appetites and sinful desires. It is a constant spur to our spiritual indolence. Does the tender of our tempers catch fire? Are we provoked to a cutting word or an irritating retort? One look from the gentle, forgiving Jesus should be enough to seal the lip and to smooth the ruffled brow. Are we ever tempted to overreach our neighbor in business? Selfishness whispers, "Other people do so; it is all fair; it is the custom of our kind." But what will Jesus say? How will our account books look to him when he audits them? A Christian who does not keep Jesus with him in the counting-room will hardly dare to meet him at the communion table.

And so on through all the circle of daily life with its varying occupations and its ever-rising temptations. If any loving Master is always at my side, how can I consent to play the coward, or the cheat, or the trifler, or the trickster? How can I wound him in the house of his friends? A low, sweet voice seems to be often saying to me, "Don't do that."

Nowhere is the presence of Jesus more real, or more comforting, than in a sick chamber, or in the room of a dying man. Suddenly dark under the wing of death, "Christ comes to me in the watches of the night," said a ripe old saint who had lain on a bed of torturing pain. "He draws aside the curtains and says to me, 'It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid.' Then there is a great calm. Here I lie, pained without pain; with-out any strength, yet strong."

The man who looks arms with Jesus will never be deserted. When the last hour draweth nigh, and when the last farewells have been spoken to the sobbing wife or child, this never failing friend will sweetly whisper—"Fear not; I am with thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I will love them to the end."—T. L. Cuyler.

ONE WOMAN DID IT.—One day I was walking with some friends through South Brook Park in Surrey, when Dr. Ellis drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was destroyed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a wood worm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It then gained the eye of a naturalist who was staying here, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, and it will kill the tree." This seemed improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was discovered that the worm had tunneled its way to the considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah!" said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that single tree. How many who once promised fair for usefulness in the world, and the church have been ruined by a single sin!"—Christian at Work.

WORDS TO THINK OF.—Work is no dishonor, and laziness is no credit to any one. It is good to have good wages; but half pay is better than nothing, and working for nothing is better than idleness and vice. There is no true manhood without independence. He who is individually swallowed up by fashion, folly, or society, has lost that which he may never regain, and without which his life must be a vain one. He who restrains himself from luxury may help others in necessity. He who helps others may look to God to help him. Difficulties are placed in our way through conflicts to victories, and through victories to triumphs. Pride goes before destruction, but honor, and nobleness, and independence of soul are approved of God and are profitable to man.—The Christian.

Agricultural Department.

I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.

SPECIAL FERTILIZERS.

The inquiry is often made, does it pay to use superphosphate, but very few can give a satisfactory answer. I have been making comparative and impartial experiments for the past five years, for my own benefit, with different superphosphates and home-made manures. A few of the results I will give for the benefit of the readers of the Mirror and Farmer, which I copy from my farm journal.

In 1867, Bradley's superphosphate increased the crop 51 per cent.; Peruvian guano 28; sheep manure, 11-2. [We suppose Mr. P. means 150 per cent.]

In 1868, Bradley's increased the crop 71 per cent.; hen manure compost, 72; night soil compost, 40; fish pomace dissolved in sulphuric acid, 63.

In 1869, Bradley's increased the crop 200 per cent.; bone and ashes made after the recipe of Dr. Nichols, 145; lobster cheese, 92; hen manure compost, 227; phosphate made by myself by dissolving pure foot of bone with sulphuric acid, 212. This costs as much as the ready-made, beside the labor of making, which is no small job.

In 1870, I used Bradley's superphosphate and the bone and ashes. I did not weigh the result, but it was clearly apparent that Bradley's increased the crop much more than the bone and ashes.

Last year I used Bradley's superphosphate, bone and ashes, Brighton phosphate, and several home-made manures. I did not weigh the results, as the crows pulled some and the drought prevented some from coming up, but it was apparent to any one that Bradley's gave the best results.

In all these experiments, no other manure was used on the land. Where nothing was used, I got from 10 to 25 bushels to the acre; where the fertilizers were applied, from 36 to 48 bushels of good sound corn to the acre, and at a cost not exceeding seventy-five cents a bushel. I am satisfied that I can make more corn with one dollar's worth of superphosphate than with the best load of barnyard manure I ever saw.

I am satisfied that good superphosphate—in fact, I know—has never paid me less than 100 per cent. on the investment. I find, where it is condemned as worthless, that the land has been heavily manured with other manures, so that the plant has all it requires from this source. I also find it is improperly used by dropping it in a compact mass in the middle of the hill. This is wrong. It should be scattered over at least a square foot; then when the roots start off they have something to feed upon.

S. C. PATTER in *Mirror and Farmer*. Notwithstanding the above flattering testimonial, we would not advise farmers to invest too heavily in commercial fertilizers, until they have carefully experimented themselves, as Mr. P. seems to have done. Difference in soil and other conditions may make all the difference between success and failure.—Ed.

APPLICATION OF MANURES TO GRASS LANDS.

Most Agricultural Journals advocate manuring grass lands in fall. I have with take issue with them on that theory, and pronounce early spring as the best time to apply manures to clover or timothy grasses. Firstly, manure applied in the fall cannot develop the plant until the coming spring, a period of five or six months; and during that time the larger part of the ammonia and nitro of the manure will be exhausted, and no small part of it will be washed and leached away, leaving but comparatively small benefits to the soil to which it is applied; especially would this be the case in an open and rainy winter, some of which I have experienced in western New York. Secondly, it makes a covering for ground moles, under the cover of which they can make their nests, and feed upon the roots during the whole winter; otherwise they would be compelled to take to the woods, where they will find a substitute in the fallen leaves which strew the ground, affording food and shelter. Early spring finds the soil open and porous after successive thawing and freezing. Then is the time to give meadows a top-dressing of well rotted manure, or which is better, a compost formed of manure and leaves with equal parts of stable manure. This compost is easily made, and incurs very little expense. Most people are already familiar with the process of making composts. We would say that the first of April is as near the time to apply manure for the Northern States as any, though the weather may make it necessary to change to a little earlier or later, as the case may be.

Be particular to spread the manure evenly, leaving no lumps or clods; say two cords or ten wagon loads to each acre, and my word for it, you will be surprised to see the results, especially if you have always been in the practice of manuring in the fall. I give the above experience; a practical note, not counting from theory. The warm spring rains bring the juices of the manure in direct contact with the roots of the tender grass, which gives it a thrifty and healthy start, adding a hundred per cent. to the weight and quality to the crop when gathered, besides affording much better pasturage for stock during the late summer and early fall. Give the above one trial, early and thorough, and report the results in the next Farm Journal, for the benefit of all who have not been convinced. Respectfully.—*Am. Farm Journal*.

A writer in the Scientific American says that to succeed in growing plants in dwellings, it is necessary to keep the air around the plants of a moderate temperature, say from fifty to sixty degrees, and as moist as possible, by having the plants stand on a tray of water, or other material that will all the time be giving off moisture among the leaves. Plants with large leaves like the Camellia, India-rubber plant, Century, &c., may be greatly benefited by occasionally sponging the leaves with water, by which means the dust that accumulates on them is removed. Small leaved plants may be syringed with good effect.

DRESSING MUTTON.—Everybody says the World, knows that the oil which lubricates wool is disagreeable to both taste and smell. In slitting and taking off the pelt it is difficult to prevent a contact of the wool with the flesh along the lines where the skin is first severed, preparatory to being stripped off. The accomplished butcher cannot wholly prevent this contact, and he therefore very thoroughly scrubs the parts exposed with saleratus dissolved in cold water, which wholly removes the disagreeable

odor and flavor. The farmers, for a long time, were not aware of the necessity of such purgation, which should be applied at once, as soon as the pelt, by the greatest activity, can be removed. This done, the meat is as free from the taint of wool-oil as the meat of any other animal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A San Francisco woman, clothed in bloomer costume, went into a bar-room on New Year's day, and while imbibing a hot whisky, was insulted by a rowdy present. The woman at once knocked the man down by throwing the glass in his face, and when, with cut and bleeding features he rushed at her, a small revolver, which she pointed toward him, checked his career. He then slunk out of the room, while the victorious dame ordered another "hot" which she disposed of without further annoyance.

A STUG OFFICE.—The Indian Vice-royalty is the highest office which can be held by a British subject. The salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per annum is at least doubled by extra allowances and grants. The office is usually held for six years, during which its occupant is expected to have realized a large fortune, besides literally living in *prince*. It is very probable that Lord Mayo's widow will receive a large pension from the Crown, with an English peerage, to descend on her death, to her only son, now Earl of Mayo, who was twenty-one last July.

The Palmyra Journal illustrates some of the strong "points" made against Grant as follows:—"Grant goes to church; Grant likes horses; Grant goes to church; Grant goes to Long Branch; Grant is good to relatives; Grant don't talk much to fools; Grant don't look like a hero; Grant plays with his children; Grant played the d— with Lee; Grant says just enough and dries up; Grant is an unexceptional President." And for these and similar heinous crimes the Democracy don't like Grant. Sad.

A "DONOR."—While revenue officers were making a seizure in Lowell on Monday, one of them happened to let a heavy iron fall into the hands of a molasses hoghead in the cellar, afterwards found that it struck some woody substance inside. There were four hogheads, and being smashed, one by one, a barrel containing whisky or rum was found in each one. After the barrels of liquor had been placed inside the hogheads, the molasses was put in between the two, so that rum or whisky could be pumped out through the bungholes and molasses drawn through the faucet. In smashing the hogheads the officers got well sweetened. About \$250 worth of liquors were taken.

A MAN COMES TO LIVE JUST AS HE WAS BEING LOWERED INTO A GRAVE.—POUGHKEEPSIE, March 5.—A man was found at Hall's Corners, West Chester county, last night, apparently frozen to death. The deceased was taken to Tarrytown and a coroner from Hastings held an inquest, a verdict being rendered accordingly. "The body was placed in a coffin and started for Sleepy Hollow Cemetery." As the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave a noise proceeded from it causing the interment to be delayed long enough to discover that the man was alive. To-night the supposed corpse is sitting by a fire at the Tarrytown depot reflecting upon things earthly. His name has not been ascertained.

A MONKEY'S GALLANTRY.—A story of an extraordinary degree of gallantry on the part of a monkey comes from San Francisco where a venerable-looking old man, pursuing his persistent "denim grind," was accompanied by an active little monkey, dressed in red, when they were suddenly surrounded by a group of school children, boys and girls, who at once became devoted to the monkey. The latter, seeing an apple in the hands of one of the boys, suddenly seized his gambols, snatching the fruit, ran nimbly up a tree close by. The boy cried, and his companions laughed, and the Italian alternately swore at and coaxed the chattering thief, but in vain, until at last the monkey, of his own accord, came swiftly down, and springing in front of a pretty little girl with long curls, deftly took off his jaunty cap, and bowing politely, handed her the apple.

—Phoebe Cary, at the time of her death, was at the head of a movement for the establishment of a "woman's dress guide," similar to the one instituted in England. The plan has been taken up by other influential women of Boston, and the following are some of the rules of the proposed association. To purchase for cash only; to buy nothing which is not wanted merely because it is cheap; to dress in a manner becoming the station in life; to pay proper deference to the tastes and pecuniary ability of heads of families; to wear no false jewelry, false hair, pads, &c.; to avoid all exaggerated modes of called fashionable, and all unbecoming in dress, and to do away with the foolish and silly custom of dressing a number of times a day.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Work and Play says:—"What an amount of shoving around boys do have to endure! It is a solemn fact that most men who employ boys, or who come in contact with them, treat them as though they had no rights which a man was bound to respect. But we suppose that when these boys, who have been snubbed, grow up, they turn about and have their revenge in treating all the boys they come across in the same way; at least the abuse seems to continue, shameful as it is. If all boys would only make up their minds, now, that when they grow up they will treat boys decently, the next generation of boys might have a fair time."

A SAD AFFAIR.—The Windsor Journal says that Mrs. Moran, an estimable woman living in that place, and wife of Edward Moran, came near putting an end to her life on Sunday night the 25th ult. It appears that her home has been made wretched by the intemperate habits of her husband, and that, on that night, she occupied a room apart from her husband. Early Monday morning, her son, a lad some ten or twelve years old, went into her room and discovered his mother lying in bed, and fearfully besmeared with blood. The alarm was immediately given, and on examination it was found that she was lying faint and speechless from the loss of blood through a ghastly wound in her throat, by which the windpipe was nearly severed and a huge gash made which did not quite sever the jugular vein. She was still breathing, and on the arrival of Drs. Stiles and Clark, she at first resisted all attempts to dress the wound and save her life, she insisting that she did the deed herself, and meant to die. But she finally yielded, and was put to bed, the influence of chloroform, and the proper dressing took place, and at last accounts she was in a fair way of recovery.

The editor of the Raleigh Sentinel says he hears of threats to shoot him down in the streets. But he has no fear—his life is insured.

TO THE GRAVE.—What a mighty procession is marching toward the grave each year! At the usual estimate, during a year, more than 33,000,000 of the world's population go down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they move on—tramp, tramp, tramp, forward!—upon this stupendous dead march!

A ludicrous incident occurred recently on a San Francisco horse railroad. The conductor got out to assist a particularly stout lady into the car over some very deep mud. Forgetting her excess of weight, she sank bodily into his arms, and as a consequence the conductor sat down quietly in the mud, and the passenger fell over his head. The conductor was finally obliged to go on his way, leaving the old lady to wipe the mud off her clothes with a pocket handkerchief, and breathe vengeance against the Company.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.—A day or two since, says a Nevada paper, a couple of ladies who were out collecting money for church purposes stopped at the Plute House, Lower Gold Hill. After calling on a number of persons for contributions, they asked "John" the Chinese cook, to give "dolla." "What for you want me give dolla?" asked John. "We want you to give a dolla to help the church." "Dolla help church?" cried John, opening his eyes: "what matter churcha?" "It's poor; it needs money. Can't you give me a dolla?" "Me no sabe churcha; what you call church?" "What name?" "Christ Church," was the reply. "No me no give dolla," answered John decidedly: "me no like Klist; Klist want too much money—money, money, all time money for Klist!"

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FOUND HIS CROWD.—A young man clad in homespun was standing on the corner of one of the principal streets in one of our large cities, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly dressed idlers with: "Just come down?" "Yes, guess I have; great place this, ain't it you?" said the countryman.

"Tis so, bub; how's your marm?" asked the city buck, bent on sport with the greeny.

"Well, she's pretty well—she sent me down here on business."

"She did! What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fellows to educate them, and I rather guess I've got my eyes on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance.

The next moment he had the edge-stone to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

WHEN MR. BECHER WAS POOR.—Not long since when speaking to his people of his early life, the Plymouth pastor said: "When I first began preaching and had but two rooms, I felt more grateful, I think, than I do now, for all the comforts of my house. I went away from Cincinnati to preach in Lawrenceburg, a wretched little village; I had no patrimony; all I had was my salary, and that amounted to \$400. [Laughter.] I went on that, to marry my wife, which cost me \$200, and I had exactly eighteen cents when I came back. I remember I never slept on the spare bed of a friend of mine; but I felt grateful. It was then I had two rooms; one was kitchen, cellar, and sitting-room, the other parlor, study, and bedroom. [Laughter.] The cellar was made by putting things under the bed. [Laughter.] When Judge Bernard gave me his cast-off clothes to wear I was grateful for it, although—he being a slim man, while I was rather well developed—it was a tight fit. But still I could have said, 'I, the son of Lyman Beecher, President of a theological college, here in a sneaking little village, with no church, no elder, and no one to make an elder out of.' [Laughter.] I remember when I went out to destitute places to preach I had a deep sense of gratitude for the blessing of being permitted to preach the Gospel."

A GENEROUS GIVER.—Recently a lady from the East, who crossed from the Great Western depot to the Detroit and Milwaukee road to go West, dropped her pocket-book in the depot at Windsor, and made an entry enough to scare every one within a block. A ragged little boy, with his hair sticking through an old hat, and his toes peeping out of his boots, came forward with the pocket-book, which he had found. It contained the lady's railroad ticket, and \$7,000 in bonds, \$7,000 in notes, and \$1,000 in greenbacks, making its cash value to her as good as \$12,000. She was, of course, well pleased with the boy's action, and asked his name, age, the circumstances of his family, and finally opened the pocket-book to reward him. She hunted all through it, found two ten-cent silver-plasters, and handing them to the lad, told him to always remember that a good action was always sure to bring a good reward. The boy jerked off his hat, thanked her, and ran off to buy ten cords of wood and a barrel of flour, and other stuff to last his widowed mother until spring. He's going to look for pocket-books all the rest of the winter, and when he finds another, he's going to hand it right over—probably.

A WISE CHOICE.—The American Baptist tells the following good story, which we commend to our young female readers, and male also:—"Where did you first meet your bride?" I asked a young friend of mine who had invited to his wedding. His reply was: "A year ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed to drink any wine. Our host observed it and said: 'A glass with you, Miss?' 'Excuse me sir,' said she. 'What excuse are you a teetotaler? What have we a teetotaler here? Ha! ha! a teetotaler? Why, do you never drink wine?' 'Never, sir.' 'Why not?' 'From principle, sir.' Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make me a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has become my wife. That's why I married her."

Our friend was right. Such a young lady would make a fine woman. Would there were more like her.

TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND.—I happened to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busy, punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The bit of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and, by way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings, said: "I will do it for you," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on; but not showing the least appearance of finching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even sniffling in her father's face, who feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion, when she exclaimed: "I don't want to do it for you."

Dearest Elizabeth! the Lord who gave, took thee to Himself, but not until he had first taught thee to trust in a father's hand. [Exchange.]

"How hollow it sounds!" exclaimed a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously pounding his chest. "O, that's nothing," said the doctor; "wait until we get to the head."

Teacher, endeavoring to instill some idea of the importance of celebrating Washington's birthday into her pupils' minds, says: "Now, children, why should Washington's birthday be kept any more than mine?" Eager pupil: "Because he never told a lie." Immediate recess.

On a sultry summer Sunday the minister, observing quite a number of his congregation asleep, remarked in a most emphatic manner: "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers on a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound."

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?" "No, Pat: did it thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if 'havin' and sith' would come together." "Why in the devil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

The elephant Romeo, now in Forepaugh's menagerie at Philadelphia, attempted to kill his keeper the other day, but was forced in time to permit the man to escape. He has already killed five men. His procedure is to grasp them with his trunk and hurt them into the air till they are stunned and motionless, when he deliberately kneels upon them, crushing out the last vestige of life.

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A WISE CHOICE.—The American Baptist tells the following good story, which we commend to our young female readers, and male also:—"Where did you first meet your bride?" I asked a young friend of mine who had invited to his wedding. His reply was: "A year ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed to drink any wine. Our host observed it and said: 'A glass with you, Miss?' 'Excuse me sir,' said she. 'What excuse are you a teetotaler? What have we a teetotaler here? Ha! ha! a teetotaler? Why, do you never drink wine?' 'Never, sir.' 'Why not?' 'From principle, sir.' Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make me a good companion. I became a teetotaler myself, and now she has become my wife. That's why I married her."

Our friend was right. Such a young lady would make a fine woman. Would there were more like her.

TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND.—I happened to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busy, punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The bit of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and, by way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings, said: "I will do it for you," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on; but not showing the least appearance of finching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even sniffling in her father's face, who feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion, when she exclaimed: "I don't want to do it for you."

Dearest Elizabeth! the Lord who gave, took thee to Himself, but not until he had first taught thee to trust in a father's hand. [Exchange.]

"How hollow it sounds!" exclaimed a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously pounding his chest. "O, that's nothing," said the doctor; "wait until we get to the head."

Teacher, endeavoring to instill some idea of the importance of celebrating Washington's birthday into her pupils' minds, says: "Now, children, why should Washington's birthday be kept any more than mine?" Eager pupil: "Because he never told a lie." Immediate recess.

On a sultry summer Sunday the minister, observing quite a number of his congregation asleep, remarked in a most emphatic manner: "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers on a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound."

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?" "No, Pat: did it thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if 'havin' and sith' would come together." "Why in the devil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

The elephant Romeo, now in Forepaugh's menagerie at Philadelphia, attempted to kill his keeper the other day, but was forced in time to permit the man to escape. He has already killed five men. His procedure is to grasp them with his trunk and hurt them into the air till they are stunned and motionless, when he deliberately kneels upon them, crushing out the last vestige of life.

FOUND HIS CROWD.—A young man clad in homespun was standing on the corner of one of the principal streets in one of our large cities, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly dressed idlers with: "Just come down?" "Yes, guess I have; great place this, ain't it you?" said the countryman.

"Tis so, bub; how's your marm?" asked the city buck, bent on sport with the greeny.

"Well, she's pretty well—she sent me down here on business."

"She did! What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fellows to educate them, and I rather guess I've got my eyes on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance.

The next moment he had the edge-stone to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

WHEN MR. BECHER WAS POOR.—Not long since when speaking to his people of his early life, the Plymouth pastor said: "When I first began preaching and had but two rooms, I felt more grateful, I think, than I do now, for all the comforts of my house. I went away from Cincinnati to preach in Lawrenceburg, a wretched little village; I had no patrimony; all I had was my salary, and that amounted to \$400. [Laughter.] I went on that, to marry my wife, which cost me \$200, and I had exactly eighteen cents when I came back. I remember I never slept on the spare bed of a friend of mine; but I felt grateful. It was then I had two rooms; one was kitchen, cellar, and sitting-room, the other parlor, study, and bedroom. [Laughter.] The cellar was made by putting things under the bed. [Laughter.] When Judge Bernard gave me his cast-off clothes to wear I was grateful for it, although—he being a slim man, while I was rather well developed—it was a tight fit. But still I could have said, 'I, the son of Lyman Beecher, President of a theological college, here in a sneaking little village, with no church, no elder, and no one to make an elder out of.' [Laughter.] I remember when I went out to destitute places to preach I had a deep sense of gratitude for the blessing of being permitted to preach the Gospel."

A GENEROUS GIVER.—Recently a lady from the East, who crossed from the Great Western depot to the Detroit and Milwaukee road to go West, dropped her pocket-book in the depot at Windsor, and made an entry enough to scare every one within a block. A ragged little boy, with his hair sticking through an old hat, and his toes peeping out of his boots, came forward with the pocket-book, which he had found. It contained the lady's railroad ticket, and \$7,000 in bonds, \$7,000 in notes, and \$1,000 in greenbacks, making its cash value to her as good as \$12,000. She was, of course, well pleased with the boy's action, and asked his name,